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First to Last—The Truth: News-Editorials—Advertisements  
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The Hides Test

In voting down the Finance Committee-farm bloc duties on hides, boots and shoes and shoe leather the Senate returned to sound protection doctrine. The neo-protectionists, led by Senator Gooding, want to slap duties on everything produced within the United States, regardless of the economic effects of such a policy on anybody but a relatively limited group of producers. They are isolationists, working to give the American worker a tightly closed home market. They ignore the larger advantage of putting the country on a basis to compete freely in the world's markets, in addition to supplying domestic wants. Whatever extends trade and broadens employment here ultimately benefits all by diversifying industry and enlarging consumption.

Practically every Republican tariff bill has put hides, shoe leather and boots and shoes on the free list. The reasons for this are plain. We export boots and shoes to the value of \$25,000,000 a year and import boots and shoes to the value of \$500,000. We lead the world in this industry. What excuse is there for a duty on footwear?

The boot and shoe manufacturers are obliged to import hides in large quantities, the domestic supply being insufficient. A tax on hides might benefit some cattle raisers, though this is disputed, the opponents of a duty saying that the benefit would go solely to the packing houses. It would, however, increase the average price of a pair of shoes about 20 cents, according to Senator Lenroot's estimate. Considering the interest of the country as a whole, there is therefore no prospect of economic betterment in boot and shoe, shoe leather and hide duties.

Rational protection seeks to develop economic resources, to increase occupation and create new national wealth. None of these objects was to be attained by the leather schedule duties which the Senate rejected. Common sense fortunately triumphed over the new Gooding-Capper conceptions of Chinese Wall protection.

Russia's Unchanged Hostages

The proceedings at Moscow which have ended in imposing sentences of death on fourteen leaders of the Social Revolutionary party have, of course, not been a trial. No one, either inside or outside of Russia, has pretended that they were. They were merely an exploring investigation to discover, from the standpoint of political expediency, whether it was better to be merciful or merciless. The special tribunal appointed to hear the cases did exactly as the Bolshevik executive committee directed.

The so-called verdict is accompanied by an announcement that the death penalties will not be inflicted if the Social Revolutionary party dissolves. In other words, the convicted men are to be treated as hostages. A noose is about their necks which will be tightened if the members of their party venture to act in a different manner than Lenin and Trotsky order. It is as if President Harding, when he took office, had seized Messrs. Wilson and Cox, decreed their execution and then said that if the Democratic party would go out of existence they might escape the gallows.

The policy of the Soviet government is frank and the psychology of its leaders is as simple as that of a cannibal chief—is as candid as a single-piece bathing suit. There is no respect for justice. "Do our way, and your head," they say, "is safe on your shoulders; but make faces at us or be other than an obedient proletariat, and we'll choke you to death." From time to time it has been said by critics of the Russian experiment, as it is euphemistically called, that Bolshevism merely revived czarism. This is unfair. Bolshevism has earned the right to be considered much worse than czarism!

And the Bolshevists are such plagiarists! Not by a word do they acknowledge that they borrow the

polity of Egypt's Pharaohs—not a line confesses imitation of Pizarro and how he made a bonfire of the Inca.

Choking the Public

The principle behind the Allen compulsory adjudication law of Kansas, which was kept out of the Cummins-Esch law when Mr. Gompers and organized labor protested, has gained many friends this summer.

It may not be possible or wise to put into a positive statute the doctrine that neither owners nor employees shall bring a basic industry to an abrupt stop. But the same end will be attained without any specific law—by the development of a convincing social experience. To choke the public into submission is not so easy as it looks.

A legacy of the Wilson Administration was the widely spread notion that to strike or to threaten to strike was a royal road to an easy triumph. When the Adamson law was passed a pistol was openly pointed at Congress, and later, during McAdoo days, public authority surrendered about as often as the shipmakers or the miners or the railroad men reached the opinion that they could spend more money.

Labor leaders are able to prove, with a certitude suggestive of mathematicians that they can't possibly lose. But there is something the matter with the conclusion. The public has a provoking way of intruding and of making its influence felt. In theory it should merely squeal and submit, but in practice it finds effective defensive weapons.

The events of the summer convey a warning: "Beware of messing up an essential industry!" This lesson, it may safely be said, has not been lost on intelligent labor unionists. It's dangerous. The campaign does not succeed according to plan.

Mr. Hirschfield's Infelicity

In the affidavit sworn to and filed by Dr. Samuel Buchler, former Deputy Commissioner of Public Markets, in which he brings before the Supreme Court the question of whether David Hirschfield, Commissioner of Accounts, is a "fit and proper person to conduct the examination of the affairs of the Department of Markets," occurs this passage:

"I further desire to state that during the time that I was Deputy Commissioner of Markets I had met David Hirschfield on many occasions, and that each time Hirschfield would always say to me in German the following words, which are translated in English, 'How is the thief?'"

"At one time I asked him whom he meant by thief. He answered, 'Your chief, the thief,' meaning thereby Edwin J. O'Malley, who was then Commissioner of the Department of Public Markets and who was at that time chief of the department of which I was deputy."

It is possible that Mr. Hirschfield used this expression playfully, as he did the expression "Shut up!" which Dr. Buchler says he frequently employed while he was examining him. But, however he meant it, its use was, to say the least, an infelicity.

Perhaps Mr. Hylan, who has lately written a letter patting Mr. O'Malley on the back, may resent the term. But he also has been prodigal in his endorsements of Mr. Hirschfield, so he may not be so ready to summon his stenographer as he has been on other occasions when his subordinates were under fire.

Whether or not the Mayor acts, the fact that one Commissioner is charged with calling a colleague such a harsh name requires some sort of explanation.

Mr. O'Malley is something of a letter writer himself, and perhaps his next epistle will be addressed to Mr. Hirschfield. The people, who are paying the salaries of both these gentlemen, will be glad to know exactly what Mr. Hirschfield meant and whether he intends to stand on his words or to apologize.

England's New Property Law

An interesting study of the Birkhead law concerning inheritance and property rights is made by an English barrister writing in "The London Mail." We are told that the new law will abolish that primogeniture in the inheritance of real estate which has operated to keep large properties intact and has made so great a contrast between the status of the eldest and the younger sons. Sons and daughters will be on an equality as heirs and women on an equality with men as owners of property of all kinds.

It long has been plausibly held by many that the low birth rate in France is due largely to the land and inheritance laws, under which peasant proprietorship prevails and estates are commuted. To avoid repeated divisions and subdivisions of the little farms the ideal of a family of two children, a son and a daughter, has arisen. When families in a commune are thus composed the son of one family marries the daughter of another and the farms remain intact.

Precisely that result is not, of course, to be expected in England, but it seems not improbable that there will be marked effects. Younger sons will no longer be driven into the professions or trade. The movement, already under way, for breaking up large estates will be accelerated, and if it decreases the urge to outside activity which younger sons have

felt through necessity it may increase the ambition of the eldest sons to be something more than property owners.

The social consequences of giving wives complete independence of their husbands in the holding and disposition of property and enlarged rights to the estates of deceased husbands will, of course, be highly important. The new British system approximates to the common American system, and marks the passing of some of the last remains of feudalism and privilege in Great Britain.

Mr. Pomerene's Victory

Senator Pomerene was renominated in Ohio without the aid of a letter, either commendatory or blasting, from Mr. Wilson. He needed neither praise nor blame from the ex-President. His record in the Senate has been highly satisfactory to the Democratic voters back home.

Mr. Pomerene has shown marked independence of judgment. He is a Democrat of the type of Oscar W. Underwood, avoiding narrow partisanship and putting the general good above political maneuvering. He was willing to accept reservations necessary to secure the ratification of the Versailles Treaty, and he helped materially to ratify the Washington conference treaties, refusing to be moved by the partisan petting of former Administrationists. The Ohio Senator also has been outspoken against minority group rule in industry and political truckling to it. It is noteworthy that he has won a second renomination in spite of the opposition of the radical labor leaders in his state, who found a congenial candidate in former Representative John J. Lentz, once a conspicuous Ohio Free Silverite.

In Mr. Fess the Republicans have chosen a Senatorial nominee of exceptional ability. Ohio will therefore be well served whatever the result of the election. But if Mr. Pomerene is returned his star will obscure ex-Governor Cox's as Ohio's candidate for the next Democratic Presidential nomination. He is far better entitled to that honor by experience and equipment than Mr. Cox.

Against Strict Prohibition

The latest report of "The Literary Digest's" poll on prohibition, giving returns from a little more than six hundred thousand ballots, shows no material change as the totals increase. The wine and beer advocates still lead with a fraction under 41 per cent of the votes, followed by the bone dries with 38.2 per cent and the wets with 20.8 per cent.

The only new factor is the heavy vote against prohibition shown in the separate factory poll taken for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of wage workers. The vote of three factories, while showing wide variations in the percentage of wets to the moist and the dries, averages 10 to 1 against the present laws. As yet there is no return from the special women's poll. But, whatever the effect of this women's poll and the factory poll upon the final totals, there is little to indicate that either will weaken the opinion that while the country is opposed to the saloon and all it represents it does not regard the Volstead act as a finality.

A Macedonian Cry

Wingdale prison, sometimes called the Sing Sing Country Club, finds its field white with a hay harvest and reapers too few.

This ought to be of interest to Commissioner of Police Enright. Such of the local bandits as he has sent to Sing Sing have been transferred to other prisons, so there are none available to answer the call of the branch penal institution.

There are, however, many still engaged in their profession in New York City. Mr. Enright is referred to the daily newspapers for news of their operations. All such would greatly benefit by a little hard work in the hay field, and few persons would object to their removal from the metropolis.

Mr. Enright frequently has expressed himself as being desirous of promoting the public welfare. He can now do a double service by helping Wingdale to get in her hay and assisting householders in New York to retain their valuables.

Few Foreign Farmers

The foreign-born tend to congregate in the cities. The extent to which this is true may be gathered from the 1920 census statistics of the foreign-born. Seventy-two per cent are to be found in the New England, Middle Atlantic and East North Central States. These regions, which include Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, contain most of the industrial population of the country. In them are to be found more than 90 per cent of the Poles, more than 80 per cent of the Irish, Russians and Italians and more than 70 per cent of the English, Scotch and Czechs. There are also 67 per cent of the Germans, but less than 50 per cent of the Scandinavians.

Without going into a detailed examination of the local conditions in each state and of the reasons for certain racial groupings in given localities, it may be said that the Scandinavians alone show a marked preference for the rural regions. A large number of Germans, it is true,

also go in for farming, as well as a big percentage of the Dutch. But, except for the growing Portuguese and Polish farming communities in New England and the prevalence of Italian truck farmers near the big cities, most of the races still crowd into the cities and industrial districts.

To this general rule there are, of course, many exceptions besides the ones above mentioned. There are many French and Italians, for example, in the grape industry in California. Most of the Mexicans in the Southwest are engaged in rural occupations. But only a small percentage of the foreign-born take to the land. Will there be a gradual change in the rest of the country, as there has been in New England?

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Vain Regrets

Whenever I see, in a movie show, A hero ride into town, Break open the villain's bungalow And ruthlessly shoot him down, Then, giving his riding crop a swish, Bid the sheriff a gay adieu— I sit in my seat and vainly wish That I was a hero, too.

Whenever he chases a runaway, With the villain behind the wheel, When he lifts a lovely lady out, With an arm that's as strong as steel; And then, with a jovial unconcern, Knocks the villain's features flat— I sit in my seat and fondly yearn For the nerve to behave like that.

For never in all my plodding life Have I known the thrill and zest Of sharing the wild and ardent life Of the great and boundless West. I never have shot a villain down And scowled while the cauldron died; I never have licked all the louts in town To win me a charming bride. I am happy enough in my humdrum way, Though I never have killed my man.

As the heroes do in a movie play, And I fear that I never can, And now I begin to get along, And my thread is nearly spun; I begin to think that I started wrong, For I've missed quite a lot of fun.

Business Depression

The prizefighting industry is going all to pieces. Only about half a million dollars was taken in at the Jersey City encounter. Plenty of Provocation  
Now stenographers are planning a strike on the ground that they are dictated to too much. Genuine Amusement  
Our favorite screens are those with the mosquitoes on the outside of them. (Copyright by James J. Montague)

Citizens Union Indorsement

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The Citizens Union will not quarrel with the criticism of its indorsements of legislators contained in the letter of former Assemblyman Oscar J. Smith, which you published this morning. Like most of those who failed to measure up to the standards of fitness for public office which the Citizens Union has maintained for a quarter of a century, he attempts to make light of them.

The latter part of Mr. Smith's letter, however, calls for a reply. He declares that he was "given to understand" that he would receive the Citizens Union's indorsement and that our criticism of him would be altered if he promised to be guided by our recommendations. That statement is false. The Citizens Union has never "made overtures" to any one promising its indorsement on such grounds. The principles of decency and sound policy which the Citizens Union stands for in legislative matters are well known. No legislator needs to be told that if he votes in accordance with those standards that fact will be disclosed in our annual report. Our indorsements, however, are based on public records and not on promises. We even refuse to follow the common practice of attempting to exact promises from candidates in advance of election as to how they will vote on specific measures.

For years we have invited legislators to call at our office and talk over their records. We have believed that in giving them this opportunity to explain their votes or answer our criticisms we were acting in fairness to them. It is absurd to say that we ever offered to change our criticism of Mr. Smith's record if he would promise to vote as we advised. The cold facts of Assemblyman Smith's poor voting record and general indifference to legislation affecting the city, both of which were notorious, could not be altered. On that record the Citizens Union could not indorse him for reelection, and after a single term in Albany he was overwhelmingly defeated.

The Citizens Union does not pretend that it brought this about. Assemblyman Smith is alone responsible for the fact that the voters of the 22d Assembly District, who in 1920 plied up overwhelming majorities for almost every Republican on the ticket, including the candidates for Congressman and State Senator, emphatically refused to give Assemblyman Smith a second term.

WALTER T. ARNDT, Secretary.  
New York, Aug. 9, 1922.

Not Worth While

(From The Memphis Commercial Appeal)  
Up to date the only advantage to be found in Soviet rule is that the Russian government is not troubled with counterfeit rubles.

The Tower

WHY stand behind a net and swat vindictively at a flying tennis ball? Why journey weary miles to a links, there to make vindictive passes at a little white spheroid? Why take your stand behind the traps and pump lead at innocent clay pigeons?

Have you no mosquitoes in your home? It must be that outfitters for the out-of-door life have conspired all these years to keep the mosquito out of the realms of sport and vinery. Nightly, as we pursue the quarry round and round the small but sporty course of our bedroom, our belief grows that this conspiracy must be shattered.

For the mosquito is the gamiest of the game and once you have tasted the real pleasures of his chase you'll find you need no other exercise or excitement. Your only unfulfilled want, if you are ardent in pursuit, will be a few hours more sleep.

There are some, of course, with sluggish blood who are deaf to the call of the red gods. They prefer torpid slumber to the glory of the hunt over bed and chairs. They have so little respect for the place that their ancestors have won for them on the ladder of evolution that they will actually assume the role of the hunted. In them we see the distressing spectacle of man, the conqueror, fleeing before the assaults of a critter far less highly specialized and intelligent.

These craven souls bathe themselves in loathsome citronella and crawl into bed, there to lie, the solid center of a nebula of fumes. They refuse to maintain the standards of human supremacy and resort to the cowardly tactics of the skunk.

Then there are others who emulate not the skunk but the seal. These, on retiring, pull the covers over their heads in abject fashion and try to woo slumber before they smother. Eventually imminent suffocation impels them to thrust their heads above the surface, and the mosquito, waiting Esquimau-like beside the breathing hole, sends home his harpoon with a demon yell.

But the normal, red-blooded man will not submit tamely to being a quarry. High of heart, he arrays himself in his pajamas, habiliments of the chase, and with a view halloo or two the hunt is on.

Its duration depends partly on the hunter's accuracy and partly on his stamina. It is best for the tyro to fix a limit to his intended bag for the evening. Then, if his wife can also be fired with the spirit of the chase, she should be equipped with a pad and pencil and seated in a far corner of the bed, as far out of harm's way as possible. There her duty is to note the number of wallows expended by her spouse in slaying, say, twenty-five mosquitoes. A few weeks of practice and the earnest huntsman will find himself going over the course close to par.

Constant application will develop in each mosquito hunter an individual technique. The most effective method will be determined by the physique and temperament of the person engaged in the chase. Some prefer the cautious stalk, the breath-holding approach and the final feline assault. Others uphold the rushing attack and the subsequent demolition of a confused victim. A few of the older and more rheumatic devotees employ sharpshooter tactics, using the kitchen broom draped with a wet cloth. We advise against this last method unless your landlord has already promised to redecorate the flat.

There are some who hold that it is more sportsmanlike to capture the quarry on the fly. This can be done, but once your mosquito is imprisoned in your clenched hand, what then? There you are and there he is. You watch the various orifices of your fist like a dog who has found a rabbit in a hollow log.

You blow in one end to discourage the captive from coming out that way. You puff in the other to prevent his escape in that direction. You work your fingers frantically in an endeavor to crush your victim—and he crawls out between them and flies away.

The human hand, wielded in the fashion of a tennis racket, is after all the divinely ordained instrument. Beginners should be warned, however, against a tendency to smite too hard. Swiftiness, rather than power, is what is required. The perfect huntsman is he who can spread his quarry on the wall without completely numbing his hand or jarring down bric-a-brac in the adjoining flat.

A peculiarly distressing incident in our own early days of following the chase leads us to emphasize this warning against too much force.

Inspired by the excitement of the hunt we pursued a large mosquito with a cynical expression and legs of white and black barber-pole design from one end of our bed chamber to the other and back again. Eventually we cornered him and smote.

We smote with all the lust of the killer and the concussion jarred a picture down on the other side of our bedroom wall, which happens to be the bedroom wall of our neighbor. The crash woke him from a Freudian dream inspired by an uneasy conscience.

He rose from his couch, rushed into the kitchen and emptied the crock that stood in the sink before going to the door to admit the raiders his guilty mind told him were there. Now when he goes down on the elevator with our wife he keeps his hat on and breathes hard through his nose.

With the fly, the mosquito occupies a unique place in apartment house entomology. They are the only insects whose regular summer invasion your wife doesn't blame on the fact that the people in the flat below are away on a vacation.

The railways of the country, to change the subject and fill the Tower abruptly, seem to be returning rapidly to subnormalcy. F. F. V.

THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS THEIR HEADS ABOVE WATER

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The Trend of Justice (From The Boston Daily Globe)

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—  
To make the punishment fit the crime,  
The punishment fit the crime.

So said the Mikado of W. S. Gilbert's imagination, but the author can hardly have hoped that the day would come when actual Mikados would, from the bench, mete out such perfect punishments. Yet that has come to pass. Several judges in this part of the world have been handing down sentences suggestive of the poetic justice foretold in "The Mikado." The man who kept his horse in a filthy stall was told by the judge to sleep himself in the same stall for two nights. A young woman whose wanderings have been extensive and unwise has found a special curfew bell ringing for her each evening. She must be indoors at 9 sharp. The milkman who sold skimmed milk for real must supply the families he cheated with an extra portion of cream.

Of course, there is nothing in the law books which directs that a man who mistreats a dumb animal shall have the tables turned on himself, or that the milk peddler who skims before delivery shall be compelled to make restitution with jars of cream purchased in the open market. The law itself is dull, unimaginative stuff, prescribing so many dollars fine or so many days imprisonment, or both, for the offenses which come within its view. The handle used by the Mikado-mind judge is the probationary system, with its suspended sentences.

After passing sentence the judge suspends its execution; then he hands the convicted person a bit of extremely human advice: tells him to give his pay envelope to his wife and avoid bootleggers, to tend the garden instead of attending prizefights. The ingenuity of the man on the bench is the only limit to his advice, and yet his counsel has the force of law. The probation officer sees to that. If the person does what the judge tells him to, he has no further trouble; if not, suspended sentence is dropped upon him and he gets the thirty days.

All that is required to bring about a reformation of those who are nuisances to their families, friends and neighbors is the application of American inventive genius. The textbook is still the lines of "The Mikado," but these should be brought up to date. For instance, the Mikado commanded that

The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies all desire to shirk,  
Shall, during off hours,  
Exhibit his powers  
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

In this era of open windows in summer and thin partitions the rest of the time something should be done to regulate the neighborhood patent music hound who plays the same record over and over. Under the new system he might be required to spend his evenings in a boiler factory run on double shifts. Fines mean nothing to the rich speedster, but he might be made to slow down if he were com-

manded to drive up the avenue in a rebuilt flivver of the vintage of 1911. Probably the chap has pride.

If it is useful that bathing suits be regulated, the remedy is not to keep the overfrank costume wearer off the beach. All that is necessary might be accomplished by draping the person of the lady in the voluminous beach costume once worn by her deceased great-aunt and then sending her to parade the sands of Revere.

The theory of our society is that those over the age of twenty-one are capable of disciplining themselves; but in a multitude of instances the theory does not work. The meanest man, the cruelest woman, are both, as a rule, beyond reach of the law. However, a revised "Mikado" system might be employed to get at them. The woman with a serpent's tongue might be obliged to go shopping with a harmless but living and writhing garter snake attached to her toque. The man who is unkind to his family might be required to pass his big plastic glass windows of his own club wearing a baby carriage.

The most potent regulator of human manners and morals is ridicule. That is why the boys on the corner have no difficulty in bringing up to their standard the new kid in the neighborhood. No one cares to be laughed at. Just as soon as the law employs comic opera methods in making the punishment fit the crime the law will become effective.

What Readers Are Thinking

Shelley Then and Now

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Your interesting article on "Shelley at Oxford," showing the remarkable change in the attitude of the university toward the poet, reminds me of something that indicates a similar change in the attitude of the reading public.

For twenty years the Authors' Club of this city has been making a special collection of literary biography exclusively. That collection is now very large, but of course it never can be complete. In his lifetime Shelley's books had practically no sale, but he was wealthy enough to pay for the printing. He has now been dead 100 years, and in the collection I have just mentioned the various biographies of him, standing together in their alphabetical place, occupy a shelf almost a yard long. ROSSITER JOHNSON.  
New York, Aug. 9, 1922.

The Criminal at Large

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: A recent editorial in The Tribune concerning "Two Men" stated that it would have been a good thing for society if a certain notorious criminal had never been allowed to breathe free air when he revealed his character.

It is not amazing that a society intelligent enough to prevent the flow of sewage into a stream of pure drinking water and intelligent enough to guard against foreign criminals should yet permit the villainous of its prisons to flow back into the law-abiding stream?

When men and women have demonstrated that they are at war with society, that society should remove them permanently from its midst and keep them in prisons or in separate col-

Oil Upon the Waters

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: If something could be done in this vicinity to keep the adjacent waters free from oil it would, I am sure, be much appreciated by the people of the New York and New Jersey resorts, who now never know when they dive into a wave whether they will reappear on the other side of it covered with oil or not. Oil-bilge is nasty stuff to get on you.

Here is an interesting clipping on this subject from "The Baltimore Underwriter and National Agent":  
"While a tremendous improvement has been shown in oil-clingage conditions in the Baltimore harbor through the passage of an ordinance and the arresting and fining of shipping masters for pumping oil-bilge into the harbor, a still further step has been decided on as helpful. The harbor board engineer and the fire commissioners of Baltimore found that some masters were willing to pay the maximum fine of \$100 for the offense, as it was cheaper than paying for the hauling away of oil-bilge. At present an ordinance has been introduced in the City Council to raise the fine to \$500, and that half of this fine go to the informer."

K. P. ROWE.  
New York, Aug. 9, 1922.

The Question of Seniority

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The executives of the railroad warned their striking employees that those who did not return to work by a definite date would, by their failure to return, renounce their seniority rights. The strikers, apparently sure of their strength, figuratively, if not literally, thumbed their noses at their employers and continued their way.

Following this warning the railroad executives advertised for men to take the places of the strikers, promising at the same time that they would be shown the preference before the men who had struck and had not returned. On this basis men poured into the offices to apply for positions, and it is due to those men who remained at their work and to those who were newly recruited that the continuance of the train service has been due.

A promise should be kept. In addition to the moral side of keeping an agreement, it is expedient. A promise is a treaty on a small scale. If the men who joined the ranks of railroad employees and those who continued their work despite the protests and sneers of their former fellow workers find that these promises are mere scraps of paper, to be discarded at will, it will have a very bad effect on the immediate problem to be solved and a still more serious effect on similar situations which, deprecate as we may, are sure to occur.

Settlements between employers and employees by arbitration, instead of strikes, will be fewer and fewer unless the employees learn that the employers can and will replace them and will protect those filling their positions. MABEL ROY LINS.  
Floral Park, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1922.